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# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

No. 22.

NOVEMBER 15, 1899.

Vol. XXXIV

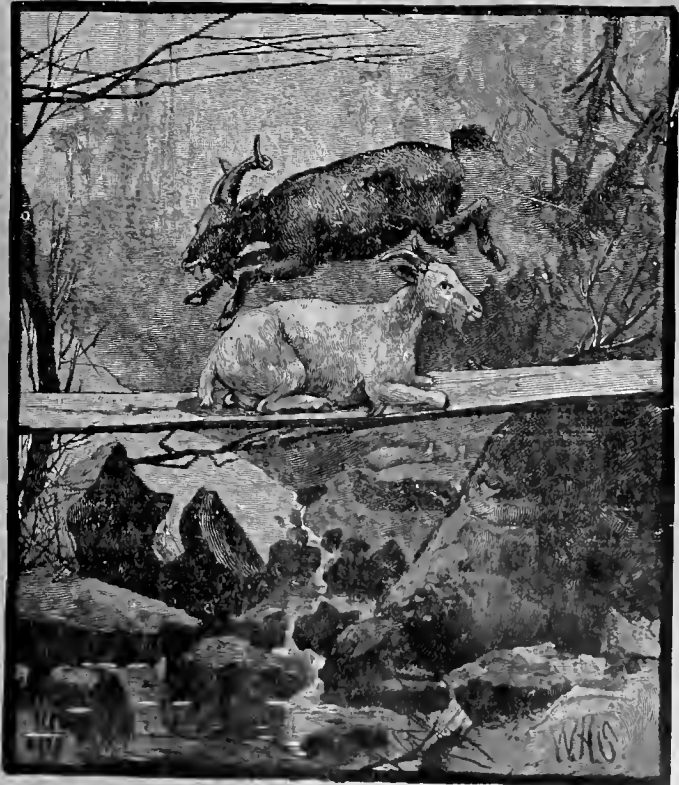
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THE TWO GOATS THAT MET ON A NARROW BRIDGE.

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[Signed] "JAMES H. WOOD,  
"2340 Market Street, Denver."



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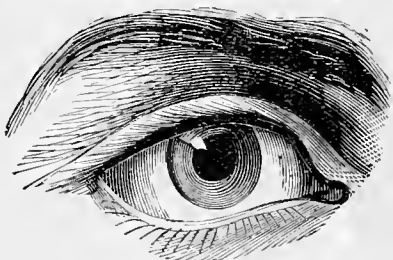
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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

VOL. XXXIV.

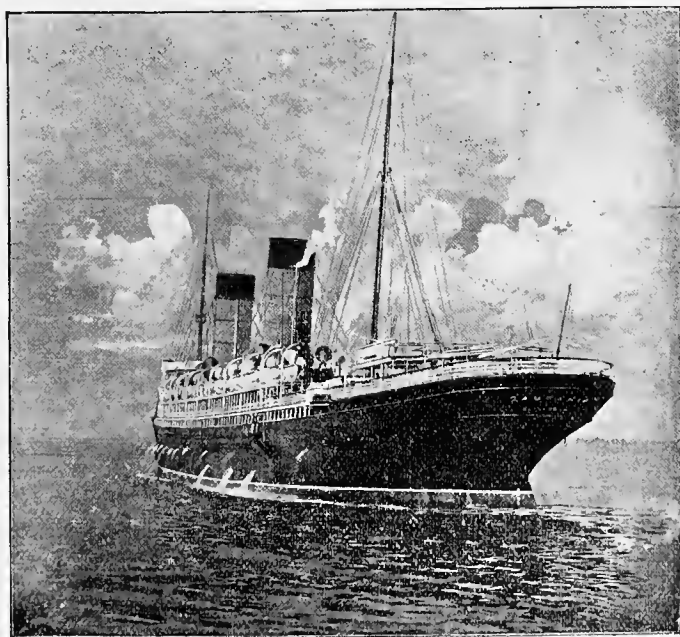
SALT LAKE CITY NOVEMBER 15, 1899.

No. 22.

## ON A GREAT OCEAN STEAMER.

THE first steamship that ever crossed the Atlantic was the *Savannah* which was built in New York, and launched on the East River, August 22, 1818. She was taken to Savannah, Georgia, in 1819,

ful advancement in steam navigation has been made. Larger vessels have been built, the methods of propelling them have been improved, and the speed has been increased until the time taken in crossing the ocean has been reduced to less than one third of that required by the



THE "CAMPANIA" STEAMING OUT FROM PORT.

and sailed from that port for Liverpool, England, on May 26th, the same year. It took this vessel twenty-two days to make the journey.

It was not until 1838 that steamers began to make regular trips across the Atlantic. Since that time most wonder-

*Savannah* in making her first trip. These improvements are of course the result of numerous experiments and great engineering skill; and an Atlantic steamer of recent construction is a marvel to behold.

From the time of completion, in 1893, until recently, the English steamer *Cam-*



*pania*, a view of which is here shown, and its twin sister the *Lucania* were the largest vessels in use, and the latter vessel held the record for making the fastest trip across the Atlantic. A German steamer, the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, now has the record for being the fastest traveler, and is also larger than the *Lucania*. But it is no longer the largest vessel that sails the ocean. Just a few weeks ago a

time to get the machinery of a new steamer into best working order, it cannot yet be determined just what speed the new wonder is capable of making.

It may be of interest to our readers to learn something of the dimensions and capacity of these ocean monsters, and yet it is difficult to get an adequate idea of them from figures alone. The *Oceanic* is 704 feet long, 68 feet wide and 49½ feet



FROMENADE DECK OF AN OCEAN STEAMER.

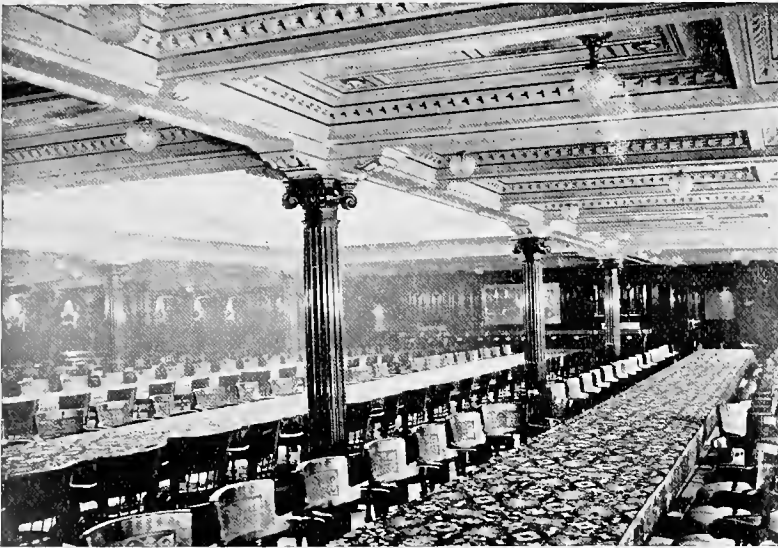
new steamer was launched, known as the *Oceanic*. It is the largest and most magnificent vessel ever constructed, and it is believed that it will develop a higher speed than any of its predecessors. This, however, remains to be proven. It made its first trip across the Atlantic in the early part of last September. As it takes some little

deep. Like the other great steamers of late construction it is built of steel. The outside shell is formed of plates of the metal, of various dimensions, securely bolted together. Some of these plates are 28 feet long, averaging 4½ feet in width and varying from 1 to 1¾ inches in thickness, and weighing from 2 to 3¼ tons each.



If placed in one of our streets in Salt Lake City this vessel would extend from one end of a block to the other, and its

out of proportion to the speed gained. The engines of the *Oceanic* are 28,000 horse power, and while moving at full



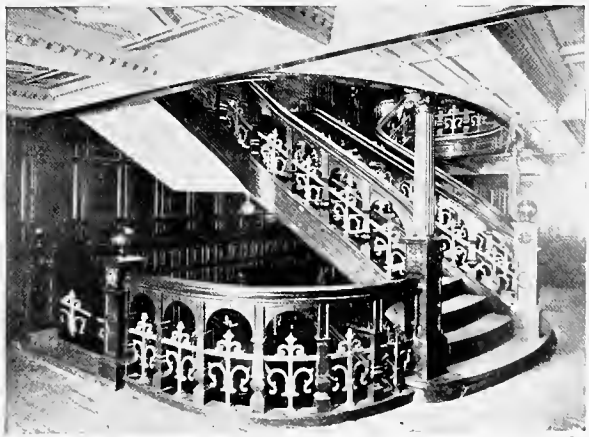
DINING ROOM OF THE ATLANTIC STEAMER "LUCANIA."

speed its furnaces will consume 500 tons of coal in 24 hours, in order to supply this immense power. From 400 to 450 men are employed on one of these great ships, and it requires about 200 men to attend to the fires. The smokestacks, or "funnels" as they are called, on such a steamer

masts would reach far above the tops of the highest business blocks on our principal streets. When launched the ship weighed 12,670 tons, and it will carry a load of 17,040 tons, making its total weight when loaded nearly 30,000 tons. It would require 1,500 railway cars of 20 tons' capacity to carry this immense weight, and such a train would measure more than ten miles in length!

The high speed at which these vessels travel requires powerful engines and great quantities of fuel. The *Lucania* has crossed the Atlantic in 5 days and 11 hours. To do this it required eight times the amount of power that would be needed if the trip took double the length of time, so that the power must be increased greatly

are so large that two ordinary street cars could run through them side by side.

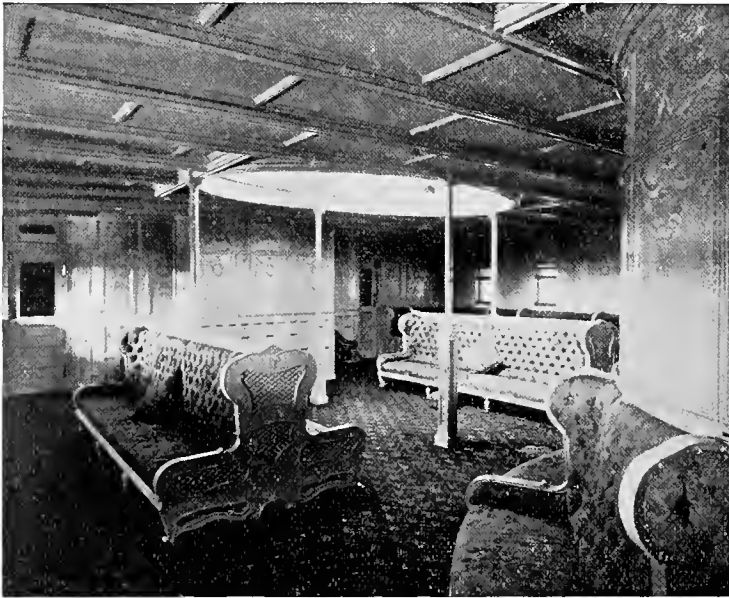


MAIN STAIRWAY OF THE "LUCANIA."

That our readers may not be wearied with figures and dimensions, let us turn to the consideration of the interior arrangement of these floating palaces. To

do so it may be well to take an imaginary voyage across the Atlantic on one of

Being now located in our new home we are at liberty to wander about the premises at will.



DRAWING ROOM OF THE ATLANTIC STEAMER "ST. PAUL "

As there is a whole week before us for doing what reading or writing we may desire, we at once go out upon deck to watch the busy proceedings previous to starting away. The scene is a lively one and full of interest.

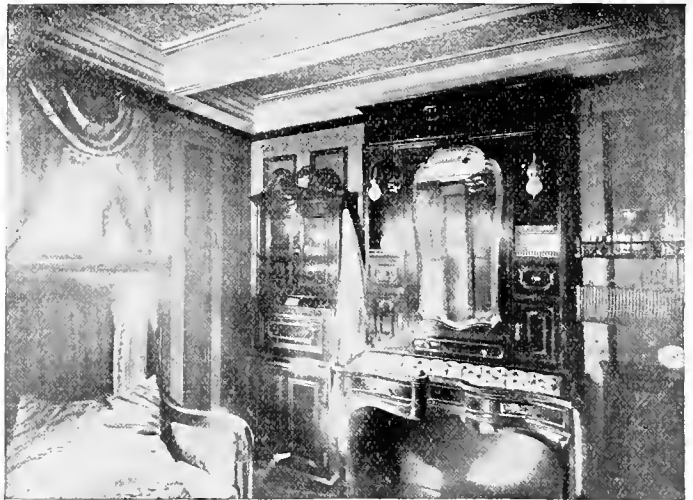
In the distance, kept back by the police, are thousands of people gathered to see the steamer depart.

Nearer by are

them. To begin our trans-Atlantic journey, let us embark at the great port of Liverpool, on the eastern side, then at our journey's end we will land upon our own shores.

friends of the passengers, who by special permission are allowed to stand on the landing stage against which the vessel

Ascending the gang plank and stepping on board the mighty steamer, we are directed to the purser's office. Here we are given blanks to fill by writing our names, addresses, occupations, etc. Then we receive a ticket with a number on designating our place at the dining table. A steward conducts us to our state



A STATE ROOM ON THE ATLANTIC STEAMER "ETRURIA."

room or sleeping apartment, where we relieve ourselves of hand-baggage, etc.

is moored. From this position they can take a last look and say a few parting

words to those who are about to leave, as they lean over the deck railing above. Nearly all the passengers as well as many of the crew are out on deck gazing towards the throng on shore. Some are smiling and laughing, others are sober-faced or sad, while some are in tears.

But let us see what is going on towards the rear end of the steamer. Here we find an army of dock laborers marching single file up the gang plank, each carrying on his shoulder a large sack, which it is noticed he drops down into the hold of the ship and then returns for another load. As we get nearer we can see that what these men are handling are mail sacks. We read the markings on them: "United States," "British Columbia," "Vancouver," "New Zealand," etc., showing that the contents are to be distributed far and wide. There seems to be no end to this labor of dropping mail bags down the hold, and yet the opening never seems to fill up. Although at times there are from a thousand to fifteen hundred of these mail pouches stowed away in the hold, these alone constitute but a very small portion of the freight carried by a great merchant vessel. There are the trunks and boxes of the fifteen hundred or two thousand passengers, besides the provisions to feed them all on the journey. The regular cargo of freight will weigh thousands of tons; and besides all this, the vessel must carry three thousand tons of coal to supply her furnaces for six days.

At last the army of mail carriers have ceased their labors, the opening to the ship's hold is being closed over, the steam whistle or fog horn is sounded as a signal for starting, the gang planks are drawn ashore, the ropes which hold the vessel to the landing stage are

loosened; and if we will take a walk along the promenade deck, which extends the whole length of the ship, we will find that a little tug boat is attached by a strong rope to the fore end of the vessel. The little dwarf of a steamer is puffing with all its might in the attempt to draw the giant from the shore. At first its efforts seem to be in vain, but if we observe more closely we discover that we are moving, and it is only a few minutes before the great monster is drawn around in position for steaming out. As we recede from the shore we hear the cheers and behold the waving handkerchiefs of the multitude of people on shore as well as a return salute from those on the vessel. As long as they can see or hear each other the shouting and signaling continues between the parting friends.

It is five o'clock p. m. when the ship sails away. As long as land is to be seen we remain on deck, anxious to catch the last glimpse of the country we are leaving. It does not take long to get out at sea where the mists hide the long shore line from our sight, and we are now willing to turn our attention to other matters.

Presently the gong sounds, calling the passengers to supper, or rather to "tea," as supper is served just before time for retiring. Let us find our way to the grand dining room. What a magnificent view presents itself! The spacious hall is capable of seating some four hundred guests at once. The room is nicely carpeted, the walls are of polished and handsomely carved wood, the ceiling formed of ornamented panels, and the tables beautifully set with spotless linen and pure silverware. The chairs are of fine polished wood, beautifully shaped and carved and all fastened to the floor, and the same with the tables and side-

boards. At the end of the hall is a fine piano.

Symptoms of sea-sickness have not yet set in and our appetites are good, so we enjoy our first meal very well. After satisfying our hunger we ascend the grand stair-case and find ourselves in the elaborately furnished drawing room. The electric lights are burning and the surroundings look gorgeous, cheering and comfortable. People are lounging about on the richly upholstered chairs and settees. In the library we find a large number of books, all uniformly bound in the finest leather and gilt. Around the room are desks and chairs for the convenience of passengers who may wish to read or write. As everything is new to us we shall not stop here, although the comfortable surroundings invite us to do so. Being anxious to learn all we can, we continue our explorations. A steward kindly proffers his services to lead us about and explain the whole arrangements within this fine floating palace. Leading the way along narrow but well lighted passages, he conducts us to several of the most handsomely furnished state rooms. They are simply gorgeous beyond description. Then we are shown bath rooms, the barber shop, and the kitchen; then the apartments for the second class and the "steerage," or third class, passengers—all neat and clean but not so handsomely furnished.

The first class passengers have the freedom of the whole vessel; the second class passengers are confined to their own division, toward the rear part of the vessel, having liberty only to visit the steerage department, while the third class passengers are permitted only in their own quarters. Descending further below we are shown the engines and the huge machinery that propels the vessel.

It is bewildering to behold such mechanism all in motion, and it is too much for us to attempt to understand its workings during such a short visit. What astonishes us is the possibility of such ponderous wheels and shafts and cranks being set in motion with so little noise.

The peculiar smell that is always noticeable in the lower part of a ship, is a suggestion to us that it will be as well to ascend to the upper deck and breathe the fresh air. It is now getting dark, and all we can see is perhaps a distant light-house, or light-ship, or the dim light of some fishing craft in the near neighborhood. Occasionally, however, a large ship is passed. As we look into the darkness our ears are greeted with strains of music. A few of the passengers are gathered in the dining hall, the tables of which are now cleared, and a young lady is playing the piano. The music attracts others, and in a few moments a large gathering is convened. Some one suggests a popular song and the whole throng joins in singing. Soloists are brought forward, and an impromptu concert program is rendered, and the time passed very pleasantly until a late hour. After taking another look out over the dark waters we retire to our state room for the night. The gentle movement of the vessel as it glides over a smooth sea soon rocks us into a pleasant slumber.

Awakened early in the morning by the sound of the gong, which gives all warning that it is time to arise, we hasten to prepare our toilet and get out on deck for a little exercise and fresh air before the breakfast call is made. It is a beautiful Sabbath morning. The sun is shining brightly. We find we are in Cork harbor, facing Queenstown, and the ship is almost at a standstill. The air is clear and we can see the

light-hued buildings of the town glistening in the sunlight. Between us and the shore is a tender, or small steamer, making its way towards us. As it approaches we can see that it contains a number of people with their baggage and some more mail sacks.

Strange as it may seem, letters can be posted in Liverpool two hours after the departure of the mail steamer, and yet they will be carried to America by that same vessel! About two hours and a quarter after the departure of the mail ship a fast train leaves Liverpool for Holyhead, North Wales, carrying both passengers and mail. At Holyhead a steam packet is awaiting the arrival of the train, and carries its passengers and mail to Dublin, Ireland. From Dublin they are carried by railway train to Queenstown, and here they are put aboard the steamer.

While our vessel continues its course at a very slow speed, the tender comes alongside of it and the passengers with their luggage and the mail sacks are all placed on board. With them comes a newsboy who, in a distinctly Irish brogue is hawking the morning paper. After disposing of his papers he returns to shore with the tender.

But sometime before we arise in the morning our vessel is boarded by some Irish peddlers—men and women—who have all their goods spread out on the deck before we are out. Their wares consist of shawls, Irish silk goods, toys, pictures, souvenirs, and shillalahs. How they got on board is a mystery to us, so we keep an eye on them until they are ready to depart that we may see how they get away. In the meantime, however, our attention is attracted for a moment by the myriads of jelly fish floating about the vessel. As they rise to the surface we can see their rainbow-

colored bodies, which resemble small parachutes.

The peddlers are now packing up what goods are left unsold preparatory to taking their departure; and there we see a man coming in a row-boat, while another row-boat is already alongside our steamer. The boats are attached by small cords to the larger vessel, and the end of a strong rope is thrown up on deck where it is fastened securely to the railing. By means of this rope the goods are lowered into the boats. Then one of the women is seated in a loop formed at the end of the rope, she is lifted over the railing and lowered down some thirty feet into one of the boats; another woman descends in a similar manner, and the men follow by merely sliding down the rope; and after getting someone on deck to unfasten the end of the rope which is attached to the railing, they row themselves to the shore. The steamer now pulls out at full speed, and we are soon out of sight of land again.

It being the Sabbath, at ten o'clock all passengers aboard are invited to attend religious services in the first cabin dining room. The meeting is opened with singing and prayer. The captain then reads from the prayer-book, another hymn is sung, and the services are closed. The rest of the day passes peacefully and quietly. The deck chairs are brought out and people recline upon them and pass the time in reading and conversing, occasionally rising to pace the deck for exercise.

The next day the weather changes. The movement of the vessel is more perceptible, and many of the passengers begin to experience a very uncomfortable feeling. Before evening a number of them are right down sick and have retired from view; others are heroically

trying to keep their spirits up—and their dinner down.

The people below in the steerage quarters are merry-making, and seeking to drive away the peculiar sensation of seasickness by dancing to the music of an accordeon. They seem to be the happiest people aboard. It is midnight before their jollification is ended. The next day, however, we see but few of them and those few are stretched out on the floor too ill to even brush the flies from their faces. The sea becomes more rough and the voyage becomes less interesting during the day following. The number of passengers appears to diminish very materially. Less than half of the chairs at the dining tables are occupied. The deck is nearly cleared, and those who are able to be about find ample room upon it to play quoits and shuffle-board without being in the way.

The next day is Thursday, and it is expected the journey will end on Friday. The very thought of nearing land revives some of the suffering passengers. Arrangements are made during the day for holding a grand concert in the evening. Among the passengers are men and women of varied talent. They are solicited to take part and an interesting variety program is arranged. The intermediate or second cabin passengers are invited to join with those of the first cabin and participate in the evening entertainment. Among the pieces rendered is a song by a celebrated singer who is on her way to America, where she expects to make a professional tour. Some selections on the piano are given by a French teacher, and a comedian of some note recites and sings and tells some of his funny stories. At the end of the concert a collection is taken up for a marine hospital or sailor's home.

On the Friday nearly everyone has

recovered from seasickness and is possessed of a good appetite. The table stewards realize this, and with a view to having their guests feel happy on leaving, and also with the expectation of getting a nice "tip" from them before they leave, they in connection with the cooks do their very best to get up a fine dinner; and on entering the dining hall here is what we find printed on the bill of fare: "Kidney soup; boiled salmon, pastry sauce; roast duck, sage and onions, apple sauce; sirloin of beef, horseradish; stewed tomatoes; mashed and boiled potatoes; plum pudding; pumpkin pie; gateau royal, pastry; pineapple; ice cream; cheese and crackers." The reading of it is enough to make a hungry man's mouth water, and to eat all the good things named would give one indigestion.

All day long we see indications that land is near. The numerous fishing smacks rocking about on the waves are an evidence that we are not many hundred miles out at sea; then the more frequent passing of large ships is another such indication. The sight of land after a voyage is always a welcome one, and the tidings of it brings everyone out on deck.

Soon we see the sailors making preparations for unloading; and some of the passengers in their anxiety to go ashore get their hand satchels on deck and wait for the earliest opportunity. There is one young fellow, who is probably homesick, and so anxious to disembark that he refuses to go to his supper. But the poor fellow is disappointed. The steamer cannot reach the wharf until late at night, so the passengers are compelled to remain aboard until morning, when the customs officers will be on hand to meet them. It is with reluctance that some of the passengers retire

for the last night on board the mighty ship that has carried them safely from shore to shore.

In the morning we are supplied with an early breakfast. There is a general stir among the passengers. Acquaintances have been formed during the voyage, and there is hand-shaking all around. We, among the rest, seek out those whose acquaintance we have made and bid them good-by, and prepare to leave. Customs officers are on board to receive our signed statements respecting the character of our luggage, and after our interview with one of them is over we are at liberty to step once more upon our native soil. But we are not quite free; we must repair to the custom house and see to our trunks. Then comes the ordeal of unpacking everything for the officers' inspection. Next to seasickness this is the most unpleasant experience to endure; and we are doubly pleased when it is ended and we are at liberty to continue our journey by rail.

### THE VEGETABLE MAN.

THE rain was pouring down in torrents. The clouds seemed to be trying to get rid of themselves as quickly as possible. People on the streets were running for shelter. Those who were fortunate enough to be indoors could well afford to look with amusement at the hurrying passers-by. Umbrellas and wraps were almost useless as a protection against the down-pour, for the rain drenched its way through them.

Angus Starr rattled down the stairs from the office. He was in too much of a hurry to wait for the elevator. He made a dash for the street, but stopped

in the doorway, looking in consternation at the rain.

"Well, by the sods!" he muttered, under his breath.

He turned up his trousers and his coat collar, buttoned his coat, jerked his hat down over his eyes, and started on a run for the elevated train. Before he reached the station he changed his mind and wheeled around suddenly, coming in contact with another person as he did so. Instantly both were flat on their backs on the wet pavement. For a moment Angus lay blinking as the rain spattered down on his face. Then he raised himself on his elbow and looked at the other person, who had already clambered to his feet.

"Great Scott, it's our vegetable man!" he said, jumping up. "I beg your pardon, sir. Are you hurt?"

The "vegetable man," a typical Yankee, exactly like the cartoons one sees of Uncle Sam, looked down at the boy, and then exclaimed with as much enthusiasm as was possible in such a being:

"Well, I do declare if it ain't Mr. Angus. I allers thought that we'd run up agin one another sometime, but I didn't think you'd treat me quite so rough. But I'll forgive you anything, I'm so blamed glad to see you."

A small crowd of newsboys had gathered hoping to see a fight, but when the friends shook hands and walked away together the news carriers scattered as quickly as they had come.

"You wouldn't have seen me now," said Angus, "if I hadn't remembered that Alex said this morning that he would like an orange; and so I decided to buy one and walk home instead of taking the el. I was soaked clear through to the skin anyway; and I only had a nickel."

"Wa-a-l, I haven't any oranges, but I



have a whole load of apples you can have, and I'll take you home in my wagon if you don't mind riding with a hayseed."

"I'll be mighty glad of the chance. Isn't this the worst weather you ever saw?"

"Y-a-a-s," drawled the "vegetable man," "it's purty bad; but I ain't goin' to complain. We ought to be thankful to git any weather at all, as my grandmother used to say."

"Alex, you can't guess who gave me these apples, and who brought me home in his wagon," said Angus, entering the dingy little room the boys called home.

"Was it Uncle Sam?" asked Alex; eagerly.

"Yes, Uncle Sam, our old vegetable man. He is just the same kind-hearted old fellow as ever." And while he changed his wet clothes for dry ones, Angus told his brother of his day's adventure.

"After I had knocked him down, and we had started for home in his wagon, he told me that he had been looking for us for a long time. They heard of mother's death, and that we had moved away, but could find no trace of us. You know he thinks I'm kind of a hero," the boy said modestly. "One day at the high school a lot of the boys got in his wagon and began to have a fight with his potatoes. They were throwing them all over the street and filling their pockets with apples. I came along just as they were in the midst of it. I told them to stop, and threatened to thrash the next one who threw a potato or stole an apple. It wasn't a very brave thing to do, for the boys all knew that I could whip any one of them, but Uncle Sam, who came along from the house where he had been, thought it was the bravest thing he had ever seen. And always af-

ter that he made me take my pockets full of apples every time I saw him. He says he shall always be grateful to me. As if he couldn't have thrashed the whole crowd of us if he had wanted to! He's a funny old fellow. But Alex, guess what! he wants us to go and eat Thanksgiving dinner with him tomorrow. He'll come for us in the morning. Isn't that fine?"

"Well, it's a blessing, Angus, for we haven't a thing in the house to eat but a carrot and two potatoes. I tried to get a pretty good dinner today, for I know that you'd be tired and hungry, and I hoped that God would provide for tomorrow. And He has. But it's different to what it was last year."

The child's sad eyes filled with tears as he remembered the joyous day one year ago when both father and mother were with them, and they were rich and happy.

The next morning the ground was covered with a soft, wet snow. Alex crept from his bed and looked out. The sky was clear and bright. The sun was just rising, and would soon melt away the light snow. Angus was still asleep. Alex hurried into his clothes.

"I'll just take Angus' nickel and get a chop for his breakfast before the market closes. Thank goodness, we'll have a good dinner today! I don't mind living on bread and potatoes, but it's pretty hard on him," and he looked affectionately at his great strong brother, and sighed unconsciously as he turned away. He didn't envy Angus, but he longed, oh so passionately, to be well and strong himself.

Before they had finished their breakfast the "vegetable man" was waiting for them. They were soon ready and driving along toward their friend's home. On the way they learned that his name

was Heath. They had never known him before by any other name than Uncle Sam or the vegetable man. They learned also from his queer, abrupt remarks that he and his wife were "well fixed," that they had no children, that Mrs. Heath was fond of boys, and that she was the best woman on earth. When they drove down the long avenue of tall, leafless trees into the large yard at the side of the old-fashioned farm house, a huge dog bounded out to greet them. Chickens and ducks swarmed around the sunny side of the granary which was near. The kitchen window was filled with geraniums in bloom. A sleek cat rubbed herself against the side of the doorway. And to complete the homelike picture, Mrs. Heath stood on the stoop ready to welcome them, her face glowing with pleasure.

"What a nice place!" said Alex; "I'd like to live here."

"Would you, my pet?" said Mrs. Heath, taking him in her arms and giving him a kiss and squeeze such as his mother used to give. "Well, you just may if you want to. But you'd like it better in the summer time when everything is nice and green."

"I think everything is nice now, but I'd like it better in the summer, I guess."

The boys were soon toasting before the fire which had been lighted in their honor in the sitting room, while their hostess bustled about in the kitchen, coming every few minutes to the door to ask if they were comfortable. After awhile Alex crept out by the table where she was working. Angus followed him and sat down by the stove. He reached over to the wood-box, took up a stick and began to whittle, whistling softly. The large grey cat jumped into Alex's lap. He stroked her gently and the cat,

purring, went to sleep. The boy watched Mrs. Heath intently for awhile. Presently he said:

"You don't look a bit like Mama, but—I don't know—you make me think of her somehow. I'd like to be your little boy. I haven't any one to love me now but Angus."

Mrs. Heath bent down and kissed him.

"Yes you have, dear, we love you very much."

There were tears in her eyes as she raised her head. Then she looked at her husband who stood in the doorway watching the pretty picture. He had never seen that expression in her eyes before; but he understood.

Alex thought that he had never tasted such a good dinner, and it seemed that way. He ate so much that Angus was alarmed, and Mr. Heath declared, laughing, that they would have to rub him with goose oil and stand him up before the fire, as his grandmother used to do with him. Before he had finished his pie the child fell asleep with his head on the table. Mrs. Heath carried him up stairs and put him to bed. When she had left the room, the "vegetable man" pushed back his plate, cleared his throat, and exclaimed:

"Good and fresh air's all he needs."

"Yes," said Angus, "I wish that I could afford to let him have both."

"You can. And I'll tell you how. Let him come and live with us. And you come, too. What do you say?"

"Why, Mr. Heath, I hardly know—I—"

"I know it's sudden, but you can think quick. You've got good wits. You see, we've got plenty—rich—so to speak, and you can have it all when we die if you'll come. Will you?"

"You are very kind, Mr. Heath, but I hardly know what to say."

"W-a-al, I'm afraid I scared you. You don't need to decide all in a minute if you don't want to, but I wanted to tell the old lady when she came back in this room that that little chap was hers. You can't much mor'n make your salt where you're working now—and think of Alex. We'll try and do what's right by you. You can go to school and learn a trade or whatever you like. Our money 'll be yours, and we want you, boy."

Angus' voice was choked as he answered,

"We'll stay, Mr. Heath. But we never can repay you, I'm afraid."

Then he turned to Mrs. Heath as she came into the room, and put both his arms around her neck.

"We're going to be your boys now," he said, and left the room abruptly.

Mrs. Heath went over to her husband, and seeing the glad look in her eyes, he called out to the boy:

"You've paid me already, Angus. I'd give everything I own to have her look this way all the time."

R. C. I.

### STORIETTES.

[FROM THE CLASSES IN ENGLISH, BRIGHAM YOUNG ACADEMY, PROVO.]

#### Experience with an Indian.

A GREAT many stories have been told of the doings of Indians in early days. By far the greater number have been of the massacre kind; some tell of their actions behind trees and like protections; a few show their bravery in open field; some show where the red skins have outwitted the whites and *vice versa*; most are serious but a few are laughable.

I distinctly remember an incident of

this latter kind that happened when I was only a small boy. As was usual with early settlements, our town was surrounded on three sides by a wall of mud and clay. It was of considerable service in keeping the Indians from molesting the people during war. Short distances apart there were small holes in the wall for the gunners to shoot through. Some of these were large enough for a person to crawl through.

At the time of which I write, the whites were not at war with the savages, but the latter were growing more and more sulky and stubborn in their actions. It was felt that an uprising might happen at any time.

I had been repeatedly warned not to venture outside the walls lest I might get stolen and perhaps killed by our foes. But either I did not realize the danger or else I thought I could easily get into town before being caught; for I often found myself quite a distance from the stockade, cutting willows or hunting birds' nests, of which there were a great many.

I went out one afternoon on the usual journey and wandered about twenty-five rods from the wall hunting birds' nests and watching the fish swim in a small creek that ran through the village. I was so busily engaged in this pastime that I almost forgot where I was. All nature seemed so beautiful and charming with the birds singing and flying about, the willow tops bowing gently before the hardly-noticeable breeze, the fish swimming so leisurely around in the tiny brook, dancing and dimpling as it sped on.

Suddenly I was aroused from my reverie by a sharp crackling of the underbrush a few yards away. It was only for a moment that I took it for a cow, horse, or some other stray animal. The

meaning was unmistakable—it was an Indian; I could see the lower part of his body. I felt that my life was no longer mine, because he had recognized me, I thought; and even if he had not, he certainly would, for he was coming directly toward me.

At first I thought of hiding, but I was scared too much even to entertain such a thought; I felt more like running, and even as I thought of it I started, at first stealthily, then faster and faster.

After going about twelve rods, I thought I had escaped without being noticed, but as I looked back I saw him emerge from the bushes into the clearing. Evidently he had heard me and now meant to catch me, for he immediately started on the run. It was needless to say that I increased my speed if, indeed, such were possible.

I was about twelve rods from safety and about twelve rods from captivity, with chances against the former. However, I did not intend to give up without a struggle. Again I looked around and saw him only a few rods away. His feet made a crackling noise as they broke the dry twigs and I could hear his low, exultant chuckles.

But I, too, had but a short distance to cover, and just as I thought I felt the redskin's grasp, I bounded through the hole and was safe. Once inside, I looked back and, to my chagrin and humiliation, there stood my pursuer, the Indian, only a few rods from the place at which he emerged. He had impelled me on solely by slapping his hands on his knees.

As I now saw him he was laughing and shouting and making all manner of fun at my embarrassment.

I was inclined to consider this incident as a chastisement for not obeying my parents, and it was therefore with a

heavy heart that I went home. However, the truth will out, and as I was obliged to tell my story, I was resolved to make the best of it and so I told it in an exultant manner.

As I was about to imitate the Indian clapping on his knees, out walked my brother from the adjoining room performing the same act, laughing and shouting exactly like my pursuer. I immediately stopped my story—it was finished. All my high spirits had flown; I was indeed a miserable creature.

*Edward Perry.*

### Gathering Ferns.

"MISS DRUE," said one of the students of the intermediate grade, "Zella and I were on the mountain yesterday, and gathered so many pretty ferns. I wish we could have a lesson about them this morning, for we have never studied them in our class yet. See what a lot of pretty ones I have!"

Miss Drue hesitated a moment before making any reply. Maud thought she saw a look of pain steal into her teacher's face, and wondering if it were she who had caused it, added, "Maybe I should not have brought them today, but they are so pretty I could hardly wait to show them to you."

"Yes, dear, the ferns are beautiful, I know. They always look so fresh and green; yet I cannot bear to see them for they give me a thought of death. I know well the place where they grow, but I never go there now for it brings to mind sad memories. I think I shall tell you the story, but first I must ask you to carry them away."

"Oh, yes, please tell it, Miss Drue. I wish Zella were here so she could hear it, too. She said yesterday she would

rather listen to your stories than to any one else's, for they always teach us some good lesson. Won't you wait until she comes?"

"Very well, I will wait until morning classes are over, and then those who desire may remain in to hear it."

At recess about a dozen of the girls gathered around their teacher anxiously waiting for the story.

"Well," said Miss Drue, "many years ago I had a dear twin sister named Jennie. She was a sweet little girl, I remember, and I loved her dearly.

"I was very headstrong in those days, and wanted always to have my own way. Not so with Jennie. She was gentle and mild, and always obeyed our mother—a thing I often did not do.

"There used to be in the mountains near our home a large swing where the boys and girls often went after school to enjoy themselves.

"I longed to go there, too, but mother had told us, Jennie and me, not to go near the place without her consent, for some of the children had fallen out of the swing and been hurt.

"Like many wayward children, I felt that she should not refuse to let us do just as we pleased. When I found out she was unwilling for us to go, I was more anxious than ever to enjoy myself at the swing. Often I coaxed Jennie to go with me, telling her that mother would never find it out, and that I knew we should not get hurt; but she was so timid, and pleaded with me in her gentle way to do nothing that would displease mother.

"I was bold and determined then, so would never consent to be led by her. Mine was always the stronger will, and I was the one who did the leading.

"Yes, children we disobeyed our mother, and one Saturday afternoon in

summer, when she had told us to go out to play, I led Jennie off with me to the swing. It was such a warm, beautiful day; the flowers blooming on our way seemed more fragrant, the grasses greener, and the birds merrier than ever before.

"Well, we swung in the shade of the tall pine trees for an hour or more, then sang some of our little school songs, and were happy as we could be.

"After awhile, growing tired, we thought of going home; but those thoughts were not so pleasant. I began to wonder what excuse we could make for staying away so long. I feared our mother's anger, should I tell her we had been to the swing. Indeed, if I could prevent it, I should not let her know anything about it, so I said to my sister, 'Jennie, let us go upon the mountain aways and gather some ferns to take home to mother. Then we need not tell her we have been here. You know how pleased she was when we brought her the ferns last summer. I know it will be a surprise for her.'

"'Yes,' said Jennie, 'we can do that. I am glad we did not fall out of the swing and get hurt. I was afraid we would, because I know it was wrong for us to come.'

"Oh, my dear sister! If I had only been as kind and gentle as she, I should not have this sad story to tell you to-day.

"We went about gathering ferns and grasses until we got our hands full, and then started down the mountain, when Jennie exclaimed, 'Oh, see that pretty one upon the rock there! You hold my ferns while I go up and get it, will you?'

"She climbed upon the cliff, picked the fern, then turned to me smiling and said, 'See! I believe this is the prettiest

one we have found today. I am going to press it when we get home.'

"She looked so gay and happy then, but the next moment, oh, what a change! As she started down the cliff her foot slipped and down she fell, striking her head upon the sharp stones.

"I dropped the ferns and rushed to her, only to hear her crying, 'Oh, my head, my head!'

"What could I do to help her? There we were all alone. I raised her from the ground, but she looked so pale that I grew more frightened than ever, thinking she must be badly injured. 'Oh, Jennie,' I cried, 'what shall I do?'

"'My head hurts,' she said, 'but I guess it will soon be all right. Let me rest here a little while.'

"I was afraid I could not get her home, but she soon arose, however, and said she felt very tired, yet she thought she could walk home. You may be sure we thought no more about ferns that day.

"When we reached home at last, just as the sun was sinking, mother stood at the gate anxiously waiting for us. She did not need to ask us where we had been. Our looks told more than words could have done.

"Poor Jennie was nearly exhausted. The fall was more serious than I had imagined. All that night she lay with a burning fever, and complained of having a pain in her head. The next day—oh, how can I tell it!—my sweet little sister died. Our home that day was the saddest, saddest place. When we laid her in the grave yard I thought my heart would break. I wanted to die but couldn't.

"The anguish and remorse I have suffered as a result of that act of disobedience can never be explained. Do you think it any wonder now, that the sight of ferns sickens me? I cannot bear to

look at them, and that is the reason I asked Maud to carry them out of the room."

*Olena Kempe.*

#### HOW THE HEART BEATS AT NIGHT.

BED covering is intended to give the body the warmth that is lost by reduced circulation of the blood. When the body lies down the heart makes ten strokes a minute less than when the body is in an upright posture. This means six hundred strokes in sixty minutes. Therefore, in the eight hours that a man usually spends in taking his night's rest, the heart is saved nearly five thousand strokes. As it pumps six ounces of blood with each stroke, it lifts thirty thousand ounces less of blood in the night than it would during the day. Now, the body is dependent for its warmth on the vigor of the circulation, and as the blood flows so much more slowly through the veins when one is lying down, the warmth loss in the reduced circulation must be supplied by extra coverings.

#### SAVED BY A DOG.

MRS. ARTHUR BEAGLE, of Ronceverte, West Virginia, accompanied by her ten-year-old daughter, was picking berries near Rood's Creek, and accompanying the two was a water spaniel. When the two arrived near their home the dog acted very strangely, brushing against the child as if to warn it of danger. As the child kept on, the dog lay down in the path in front of her, and then it was discovered that the faithful brute was on top of a rattlesnake, which bit the dog in numerous places. The child escaped unhurt, and its mother dispatched the reptile, but the dog died within an hour from the bites.

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**Juvenile Instructor**

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

SEMI-MONTHLY, - \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Nov. 15, 1899.

**EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.****THE SACRAMENTAL BREAD.**

THE question has been asked, "What shall be done with the broken bread that remains untouched after the sacrament of the Lord's supper has been administered?"

We reply, in the first place the officiating Elders or Priests should endeavor not to break much more bread than is needed; in other words, they should adapt the amount broken to the number present to whom it is to be administered. If any remains over it should be returned to the care of the brother who provides the bread for the ordinance, and he should be admonished to see that it is not used for improper purposes; for instance, we do not think it should be fed to the fowl or swine, or carelessly thrown away in the street, or back yard, or elsewhere.

We learn from the writings of the early Christian fathers that it was the custom in the ancient church in the days of the Apostles and their immediate successors, for the Deacons, after the sacrament meeting was closed, to carry the bread to the homes of those Saints who from sickness or other justifiable causes were prevented from being present at the assembly of the Saints. Those thus kindly remembered partook of the bread with gladness. We have known this to be done in these days, and believe such action, whether by the Deacons or others,

to be justifiable and praiseworthy, but in the organized wards of the Church, it should be done with the knowledge and consent of the Bishop. The Lord has not commanded that the emblems of His infinite sacrifice should only be partaken of at a public meeting or on a certain day. We make this observation as we have heard of brethren claiming that the sacrament could only be properly administered on the Sabbath. Neither the revelations of the Lord nor the practice of the Saints justifies such a conclusion. We have had the pleasure of partaking of this ordinance in the house of the Lord on other days than Sunday when the proceeding was sanctioned by the presence and participation of all the general authorities of the Church, and was under the immediate direction of our prophet, seer and revelator, God's earthly mouthpiece, both him who now lives and those who have gone before.

It has also been asked, "Is it right and proper to use at the ward sacrament meeting in the afternoon or evening the bread that remains over from the administration of the ordinance in the morning at the Sunday School? No, we consider such an act improper. The breaking of the bread is a part of the ordinance which should always be performed in the meeting, and at the time that it is partaken of. To do this at any other time lessens the solemnity of the rite and robs it of much of its symbolism.

We partake of the sacrament, for one most important reason, that we may always remember that sacred body, that was offered up for our salvation, by which the ransom was paid and we were brought into communion with the Father, and made heirs of salvation and joint heirs with Him who made the sacrifice. To



rob the ordinance of any of its significance by omitting any of its parts is not pleasing to the Lord, for to do so obviously weakens the intent for which it was established as an ordinance of the everlasting Gospel. So effectually and permanently does the Lord wish to impress the remembrance of that great sacrifice at Calvary on our memories that He permits us all to partake of the emblems—the bread and wine. As an object lesson it would not be as effective if the president of the meeting alone partook, or, indeed, if it were extended to the Priesthood only. But so that we may all remember Him, all who are members of the Church are permitted to partake as are also the unbaptized children who have not reached the years of full accountability.

We remember once visiting a branch in England where the strange practice prevailed of breaking the bread some time before the meeting opened. After being broken it was put away on plates in the desk on the top of which it was afterwards blessed. This custom affected us quite painfully, as we felt that it was an unwarranted departure from the custom of the Savior and the prevailing practice of the Church, a departure from which no advantage could in any way be gained. It was, on the other hand, not only undesirable in itself, but was a dangerous example which might lead to other unauthorized changes in other ordinances; for we realized that by practices such as this the ancient church gradually departed from the true order of God, and established the errors and mummeries that destroy the efficacy in modern Christian sectaries not only of the sacrament but of other ordinances of vital importance to all who are seeking salvation. Where the Lord has condescended to give us a form of words or a

manner of procedure in the performance of any ordinance in His Church, we should esteem it a pleasure and a duty to observe strictly what the Lord has revealed and neither add to nor diminish from His expressed wishes and commands. Where no exact formula is given of Him we are safest in following the usual practice of the Saints, sanctioned by the presence or teachings of "those who hold the keys." Then for the rest, let the Holy Spirit guide us as to the details and the exact language to be used. If we are living our religion as faithfully as we should be, there is little fear of our going far astray while we thus officiate as His servants.

#### DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

##### SUNDAY SCHOOL HISTORY.

THE work of preparing the Sunday School Jubilee History has commenced, and the committee having the matter in charge urge the schools who have not reported to do so at once. Unless these histories are sent in immediately they will be omitted from the book. Such an omission would be a reflection upon a Sunday School, and superintendents are requested to see that their school histories are forwarded without delay.

##### LEAFLETS.

A new series of Leaflets will be published by the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, commencing with the new year. It has been decided that the subjects of the leaflets for 1900 shall be on the doctrines of the Church, running parallel with the work entitled "The Articles of Faith," by Elder James E. Talmage. A certain number of these leaflets will be distributed free to each

school in the Church. The first eight numbers will very probably be upon the following subjects:

1. The Godhead. 2. The Fall. 3. The Atonement. 4. Nature of Faith. 5. Faith Essential to Salvation. 6. Nature of Repentance. 7. Repentance Essential to Salvation. 8. Nature and Purpose of Baptism.

#### BOOK OF MORMON CLASS.

The Latter-day Saints College of Salt Lake City has established an evening course of instruction on the subject of the Book of Mormon, especially for Sunday School officers, teachers and workers. The class has been endorsed by the Sunday School Union, and a special invitation is given to Sunday School workers to attend. The lectures will be given by Elder John M. Mills, and possibly by others, each Monday evening.

### THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

ONE day about a month after Grandma Howe's return to the Islands, Mary was permitted to take little Joe with her and to spend the day with Aunt Nellie Bikely.

Mary was as devoted to her Uncle Fred as ever, while sweet Nell was loved by everyone in the Argyle household. And so, when Mary appeared at Aunt Nell's chamber door at nine o'clock in the morning with Baby Joe and a note from Mama Argyle, the little woman invited her small guests within while she read the note.

"Mama says you are to stay all day, Mary. Won't that be fine? How do you think it will be to make up some sugar candy today, and pull it and braid it, also make up some funny men and

animals of it as we did last Christmas?"

"Oh that will be jolly, Aunt Nell. Grandma Howe loves candy, and so does Mama; only she says I am not to eat too much, as it makes me sick."

"Well, she won't mind today, I'm sure. So we'll put your Baby Joe and my dear little Freddie into the wagon and go down to the mill ourselves and get the sugar, as there is very little up at the house."

It was a very happy day for Mary. To have a whole day's holiday was something she had never enjoyed before. She followed diligently all Aunt Nell's suggestions, and the morning hours sped quickly by.

Then came dinner; the candy braids, and dogs and men, all stood sweetly up on Aunt Nell's table, the house was put to rights, and Aunt Nell was racking her brains to think of something to amuse the children during the long afternoon. Meanwhile, Mary's thoughts turned strangely towards home. Her home was not five rods away, but she was out to spend the day, and she didn't like to confess that she was actually getting homesick.

Joey and Freddie played on the floor with their blocks with never-failing interest; and Mary was just devising some excuse to go home and take one peep at her mother, when Papa Argyle burst into the house with little attention to the ceremony of knocking, and with his face all aglow, he said,

"Come, children, come home and see your little baby brother. Mama has a dear little new baby."

Mary didn't wait for bonnets or candy, but flew home and into the small bedroom, where her mother lay smiling at her from the bed.

"Here he is, Mary, your dear little brother."

After the first rapturous greetings were over, the baby was put quietly down by the mother's side. Papa took the children out, so that Mama could rest, and Grandma Howe sat quietly by the bedside.

"Mother," said Mrs. Argyle, "baby's fingers look so blue, and his lips do, too!"

"He's cold, daughter; draw him to you, and warm him up."

The mother obeyed the injunction; but still she was uneasy. The grandmother at last took the babe and rubbed him well. This brought the color to his tiny hands and feet. But the mother's fears were aroused.

All the afternoon, and most of the night, she lay and watched her babe turning blue and dark, first under the finger-nails, then creeping into the hands, lips, and finally over the whole body. Then the rubbing would be renewed, and the color brought back.

The next day passed the same way; finally the conviction forced itself upon them that the little one's heart was affected, perhaps because of the mother's grieving before his birth. Then, too, the baby's breath got faster and fainter, as the blue tinge crept over him, and the morning of the third day he was fast sinking out of life.

"Oh, wife, what shall we do? How can we bear to lose this precious one? What can we do?" exclaimed the sorrowing father.

"I'll tell you what I should do," cried Grandma Howe firmly. "I will wash and anoint the baby, then you can have all the Elders come and rebuke the disease."

The father was kneeling by the bedside and he raised his eyes and looked into the sad eyes of his wife.

She understood, and replied to his look, "We will trust in God, though He

takes them all! Nothing human can save our baby, but God can, we both know that."

And so the Elders came, and after the tiny body had been washed and anointed, they kneeled about him and administered life and breath to the child.

He was instantly healed.

Then they discovered that another fatal illness had attacked the child. And again, after hours of battling with the power of death, the Elders were called.

That disease, too, passed away at once. But in another form, death sought to carry off the little life. For weeks they fought the dread destroyer; and the babe wasted away to a living skeleton. Then, a third time the child was healed, and began to get flesh upon the little bony body. He grew apace. He had deep blue eyes, and a head of light brown curls. He was not very strong, but faith and good care kept him happy and well.

"Jane," said Grandma Howe, one afternoon, "why don't you persuade Thomas to take you up to the volcano of Kilauea? Baby Peter is eight months old, and you could take him with you, while I could keep Mary and Joey here at home. Your mission is more than half over, and if you don't go soon, you won't go at all."

"Could I take the baby? We have to ride horseback most of the way."

"Why, just have Thomas take him on the horse with him. Peter is a dear little chap, and will make you no trouble. And you can't go without him for he is not weaned. Besides, you would mourn for him, too. I want you to go, Jane."

Here was a delightful suggestion! Mrs. Argyle was exceedingly fond of travel and sight-seeing, and she had often desired greatly to see the wonderful volcano of which all the world had heard so

much. But that she could really find it possible to go herself had never occurred to her.

Papa Argyle was quite pleased with the suggestion. To give his dear ones pleasure was the joy of his life, and although he had visited the volcano on a former mission, he would enjoy taking his wife to the wonderful spot.

At last all was arranged for the trip, and in Honolulu Mr. Argyle secured passage on the regular boat which plied between Oahu and Hawaii, upon which island the volcano is situated.

There were a number of passengers; among them were several prominent teachers, who had made the trip from San Francisco in a party. As soon as they got on board Mr. Argyle stretched out on a long bench on the deck, overpowered with seasickness.

Mrs. Argyle retired to her state room, which was a large, cosy one opening on the deck, and from the open door of which she could see her husband lying on his hard couch.

That was a wonderful yet somewhat disagreeable night. The open door gave the mother a view of the deep blue waters of the channels through which they were threading their way. The dusky sailors sang about their work, and laughed and called to each other in the musical tongue which had grown so familiar to the Argyles. The moon sprang up out of the azure sea at midnight, and built a silver bridge on the waters between the ship and the sky. The stars which had been so happy in the purple silence of the tropic sky, paled and retreated into the eternal depths as the great moon flooded the heavens with full-blown glory.

About two hours after midnight, Mrs. Argyle was awakened by her husband's voice at the doorway. Together they hurried out to the forward part of the

boat, where the sailors were busy, preparing to unload a dozen live horses into the boats below.

The waters were comparatively smooth, only a ripple breaking the surface; but the great, eternal swell of the ocean swept the boat heavily up and slowly back, as she lay anchored about half a mile from shore.

To the east lay the island of Kauai, its rugged mountains piercing the moon-swept sky; the crescent bay was flanked by a straggling town. The white houses looked peaceful and quiet, shaded by palm and cocoanut trees. It was so delightful—all of it—the respite from the qualms of seasickness, the silvery sea and sky, the beautiful land, with vale and hill embowered in green, the boat dipping slowly back and forth as if to accentuate the song of the sailors who sung a shred of their ancient musical war song.

"How will they unload the horses, Thomas?"

"Wait and see," answered Mr. Argyle with a grim chuckle.

"Oh, Thomas, what a pitiful noise! They are hurting the horses."

"No, indeed, wife. They are frightened, that's all. See! They have a rough harness attached to a pulley on a rope; now they toss it over—watch—here comes the horse—never mind his whining, he is only scared." They let him gently, gently down.

Once again the boat was on the way, and nausea compelled both Mr. and Mrs. Argyle to retire to the stateroom. The second morning they sailed around the rough headland of Hawaii and cast anchor. It was a wild looking coast. Great masses of volcanic rock lay piled up in gigantic confusion. The very hills were black and shining, and Mrs. Argyle could but wonder where a single spot in

all that sharp and jagged rock could be found in which to make even a bridle path.

A closer view discovered a small stone house perched upon the rocks.

The boat was lowered, a rope ladder was flung down to the sailors within the boat and now the passengers are invited to descend.

The timid schoolmistress from Maine held back; so both the Argyles walked forward to essay the descent.

"Let me go first, Jane," and down climbed Mr. Argyle, waiting till the ship lurched to the boat lest he be dashed outward with the surging of the vessel. After he was safe he called to his wife to follow.

"Now, Jane, watch out—come carefully—look out—wait a minute—now come—"

All of which did not bother his wife at all, for she well knew his nervous carefulness of everybody's safety but his own.

"Here we are!" exclaimed her husband, as his wife shot into his arms suddenly, both of them crashing down onto the seat with more speed than elegance.

"Steady now, here comes the fat Professor. Steady, Professor—wait a moment—"

Down comes the ship, suddenly dipping almost to the boat. The fat gentleman is on the ladder—he tries to climb briskly and gracefully down—but the lurch, the laugh, and the ladies watching, combine to precipitate the Professor's movements and—crash! Down he comes—smashing right into the chicken coop.

"Oh, Professor, you've frightened the poor roosters to death."

"And, Professor, that's our two days' dinners!" expostulated the passengers.

The chickens crowed and quacked and fluttered, but it was next to impossible or the Professor to extricate his rotund

limb from the small aperture he had made in the frail box.

However, all were at last seated in the tiny, rocking boat, the ladder was thrown back into the ship and they were soon rowed to the shore by the jolly brown sailors.

Arrived at the rocky house on the rocky foundations, the party were furnished with saddle horses.

The Maine schoolma'am had not provided for horseback riding, indeed, she knew nothing about it; but willy-nilly, she was lifted to a side-saddle, and the reins of her horse were put into her hands.

Mrs. Argyle had provided herself with long, woolen bloomers under her skirt, so she jumped to her seat, riding astride with no misgivings as to dress or ride. Baby Peter was perched on a pillow in front of his father, and they were all soon on the move.

For ten miles they climbed and stumbled; at last they reached the so-called "half-way" house, far up on the mountain side, and set in the midst of a forest of glowing beauty.

They were carefully lifted down from their saddles, the gentlemen also dismounting, and going within the house, they were delighted to find a smoking hot breakfast prepared for the party.

It was the first meal the Argyles had eaten since leaving Honolulu hours before, and they did ample justice to all the good things provided for them.

When the party stepped out on the leafy porch, they found several comfortable two-wheeled carts with native drivers awaiting them.

A crack of the whip, much cheerful chattering and laughing by the natives, laughing goodbys and "alohas" from every one to every one else, and the party were off once more.

"Isn't this simply ideal?" asked Mrs. Argyle of her husband, as they rode through the dense forest, their road, smooth as a seaside path, and bordered by banks of tender, beautiful ferns and clinging moss covering rocks and climbing the trees in extravagant tropic splendor.

The vistas which opened occasionally, the long, shady road under the trees of the tropics, the deep blue sky above them and the dense stillness everywhere, made the mother feel as if she was once more a child, and looking through a stereoscope as she used to do when a child in the dear home of her parents.

A little conversation ensued between Mr. Argyle and the driver, and presently he turned to his wife and said: "Say Jane, this boy says he is a Mormon, the only one of all the drivers. It's a little strange we should get him for our driver, isn't it?"

"You don't say so," ejaculated Mrs. Argyle. "Are there many Mormons on this island?"

"A good many. I saw it estimated in some book that one fifth of all the natives on these islands were Mormons."

"How encouraging! Talk to him, Thomas, and do a little missionary work as we ride along."

While her husband was talking, Mrs. Argyle watched with never-failing delight the beautiful scenes through which they were driving. Then she fell to wondering how all this luxuriance could exist so near a volcano; and wondered when they would begin to get on top of the mountain. For she supposed, of course, that the volcano was in the top of a peak shaped like a funnel upside down, from which poured out ashes and smoke.

"Thomas," she asked at last, "when do we begin to get near to the volcano?"

"Oh, just here," he answered care-

lessly. "There, wait; do you see that smoke curling up through the trees?"

"Thomas Argyle! That's never the smoke from a volcano; why, we ain't half way up the mountain, surely; we haven't climbed at all, scarcely, the last few miles."

"Of course we ain't half way up the mountain. Did you think that the volcano was on the tipmost top?"

"I certainly did."

"Well, I'll declare! I knew where it was myself, and thought you must also know."

Whereat Mrs. Argyle sniffed, and like a woman, remarked: "Just like a man."

"My dear, there is a hole or crater right on the top of Mauna Loa, which is the highest point of the whole mountain chain and there is evidently a subterranean communication between Mauna Loa and Kilauea; for on those rare occasions when Mauna Loa belches out fire and lava from her magnificent height, the lower volcano of Kilauea is dead and departed. Indeed, whenever the bottom drops out of Kilauea, as the natives express it, Mauna Loa is sure to follow with a tremendous outbreak."

"How singular!"

"Yes, they are many miles apart, but are certainly connected. While the activity is good in Kilauea all the island of Hawaii is safe; but when the fires cease to burn and glow here, then the people on the other side of the island all begin to fear lest a destructive stream of red hot lava shall burst out of Mauna Loa and slowly plough its way to the sea, covering fields and villages in its fiery march."

Mrs. Argyle was about to sniff again at the absurdity of the fact that they were almost there when they were still riding in a tropical, luxuriant forest; but a slight corner was turned, a gate was

opened, and they turned into a lane and there was a fine, large, rough hewn stone house with wide porches and many clustering outbuildings.

"Is that the Volcano House? How charming! But where's the volcano?"

"Wait!" was all the answer she received.

Mr. Argyle jumped out, skillfully directing his wife's attention to the house and its environments, hurrying on to the porch, and the moment she was there, he swung her around to face the scene which spread out now at her feet, the view unmolested by rock or tree.

There it was in all its beauty! That great deep, black hole, three miles across; in the face of the hill which sloped, first gradually, then precipitously, up to the top of Mauna Loa now quiet and still in the distant blue air so far above!

What a wonderful, awe-inspiring, tremendous sight it was!

The floor of the gigantic hole, or volcano, was a mass of curled and twisted and jagged black, shining lava. It was just like glossy black glass melted in some seething caldron of the gods, and poured out in every conceivable shape upon the floor of the volcano. Floor, did I call it? Nay, it was a roof, the brittle, slender roof that covered from our sight, except in spots, the terrible, red-hot, raging fires below.

Away to the west, in the volcano itself and all of lava, thrown up by some recent eruption, was a chain of low, black, shining hills; hills that sometimes last a week, a year, or two years perchance, then some day, with a crash and a roar tumble into the fires below; then other hills are thrown up, and they, too, live awhile, then sink with awful speed and clangor into the fiery abyss below.

"It is very singular," remarked Mr. Argyle, who was explaining to his wife

the features of the scene before them, "that although every one who goes down into the volcano takes his life in his hands, and although every one goes, to the number of thousands yearly, not a single life has been lost in this way in all the years the Volcano House has stood here."

"Just one!" remarked a deep voice behind them—the proprietor of the house—who continued: "One poor gentleman, last year, started down into the pit, and the excitement was too much for him; he died just at the foot of the bluff, of heart disease. We buried him there, for we knew he had no friends or relatives, he had told us so."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A TRIP THROUGH ASIA MINOR.

### CHAPTER III.

MR. LAKO and wife provided us with as good a bed as they could, and as we were tired we slept well and arose in the morning quite refreshed. After breakfast we were not feeling just right in spirit. The whole situation was wrong. It was now a matter of getting out of it in the best possible way. Soon came Mr. Policeman. I suppose the poor fellow did not rest well during the night if he knew we were in town. He was an Armenian—a low specimen of humanity. He asked to see our passports. These he took up and said he would take them to the police station and have them recorded, and would then return them.

We were now satisfied that it would be best for us to leave Mr. Lako's and go to the khan, as we would be more free there, and people could come and go as they pleased.

Brother Sherinian went to the Millet



khan and made arrangements for a room for us. He had no sooner returned than our policeman was back again and with him a Turkish soldier. I opened my satchel and he went through my baggage carefully, looking into every nook and corner.

The soldier, not feeling satisfied in his own mind, ordered the police to go through the baggage once more. We were then ordered to bring all our effects to the police station.

As we went through the streets everybody wondered what the "Mormons" had done or what their business was, if they were not agitators or disturbers of the public peace.

At the police station our patience was very much tried, as the commissioner did not come in. He was in the market and saw us as we came up, but he paid no attention, only said he would soon be there. He didn't mean it, however, for he was between one and two hours before arriving. When he came he ordered the Armenian around from pillar to post, first for one thing and then for another. He finally got down to business, and after asking a few questions demanded to see my journal. I told him I thought it my own and of no value to him, but he said he would be careful with it and return it the next day. I let him have it as I believed no one could read it. At about noon we were excused, and we were told we would get our books and papers back the next day.

As soon as we were released we went to the Millet kahn. We obtained a good, commodious room and soon visitors began to call on us, and Brother Sherinian was busily preaching the Gospel to the people.

We consulted upon the situation and decided to leave the city the following Monday, this being Saturday. We ac-

cordingly hired horses in the evening to take us to Malatia. This move proved a great advantage a little later on.

Sunday morning a curious crowd began to pour in upon us. Brother Sherinian began talking to them in Armenian as they did not understand Turkish so well. He bore a faithful testimony to hundreds, and I acted as doorkeeper. When I thought those inside the room had had enough, I asked them to kindly withdraw to give room to a fresh lot waiting at the door. In this way we continued all forenoon.

About noon the policeman made his appearance and after listening a little while he jumped up and ordered everybody out and told us to pack up, as we were wanted at the government station.

We went there as directed and when the "kaimakam" came in I was notified that I might see him. I called, and after making my "salaams," I asked what all this meant and what I had done that I should be thus treated. He answered about like this: You have done nothing; there are no complaints, but the mutesarif of Malatia has ordered you sent there forthwith. So he said he could do nothing except obey orders.

After consultation, they decided to send us at once. Brother Sherinian got an escort and went off to get some washing we had out, and after a good deal of annoyance I was also allowed to go to the khan, where we quietly took our lunch and prepared for our journey.

A great many curious people called, and it was all we could do to get ready in peace. The men who had been so urgent with their request to have us come to this town did not now show up: we did not even get a chance to say a friendly goodby to them.

The kahn and streets were filled with a curious mob, who grinned and mocked

as we were being sent out of town between two soldiers—one ahead and the other behind.

Our arrangement for horses proved just right, as being forced out of town we would have had to pay exorbitant prices to get animals, whereas we had these very cheap—about \$5.00 for two animals three days over a bad road, and a man to each horse.

As soon as we were well out of town we were not so closely guarded. The hind soldier, Job, rode up to the leader or commander, Corporal Omer. Corporal Omer proved to be a surly, brutish man: one who would not lose an opportunity to vent his hatred and fanaticism on any one where he could be reasonably sure he would not be punished. He soon told us that the roads we were to travel were bad and dangerous and that robbers there often killed people like a butcher kills sheep, and that they had no regard for life. Just what was his object in telling this we did not quite discover, but my opinion was that he wished to intimidate us, as he could hardly hope for "backsheesh" while we were being taken off as prisoners.

Some time after dark that same day we camped at a village called Kachaly. The people were Kurds. Corporal Omer soon began to pour a torrent of abuse upon their heads. The poor Kurds jumped around and rustled up supper and beds for the soldiers. Soon after our arrival I heard the corporal cursing and abusing the people about his horse. I could not exactly make out what was the trouble, but it seemed serious for awhile. In the morning, however, I learned the trouble. This inhumane corporal had placed his horse right on a bed of tobacco plants. Of course the owner objected, but that made no difference to Omer. He left the horse there

just the same, and in the morning the whole bed of fine plants was destroyed. I learned on this trip that these soldiers do nearly as they please wherever they go. The village chief is bossed around, and through fear furnishes whatever the soldiers ask. It is a great calamity often to a village to have such men pounce upon them.

We found a place on a roof where we soon made ourselves as comfortable as possible for the night. We had not much food along. As it was Sunday when we left Adaiman we could not buy anything, though there was plenty for sale. Mohammedans don't close their shops on Sunday, but the Christians would at once say we were far from being followers of Jesus if we should do any trading on the Sabbath.

As we were resting on our blankets the shepherds of the village came in with their sheep and goats. They did not drive their flocks, they only called with a peculiar movement of the tongue. The animals understand this call and follow their masters safely home. The sheep know their master's voice and not one is lost in the darkness. One or two old knowing pets take the lead, and all follow to the music of the shepherd.

Our meal for the evening was some dry crusts which the Saints at Aintab had very liberally provided. These crusts were cut up into little blocks about one cubic inch in size. They were specially prepared and when soaked in the fresh water, which was plentiful here, they were quite acceptable without anything else. We made out many such meals, with a little Turkish cheese for a change.

About supper time Corporal Omer called for my books. I forgot to mention how the police commissioner carefully wrapped up my books, tracts, etc.,

in my large handkerchief, and put two seals upon them in my presence. I had to be present to see it done so that he should not be charged with stealing any of them. The books had been carried by Brother Sherinian all day, as the soldiers had no convenient place to carry them; but each night he would call for them and put them near his gun. During the evening we asked the people a few questions regarding the place. This quite excited Corporal Omer. He spoke up quite sharply and wanted to know what business I had to write up their villages, as he saw me write a few lines in a little note book. "Do we go to your country and write up your villages?" he asked.

In the morning we continued our journey and the next evening we arrived in a village called Abdul Kharab. After some little bother we were accepted by a Turk as his guests. The Turk did all he could to make us comfortable. His wife was not in; she was off in the field somewhere, and an aged mother-in-law was ordered to spread out the best rugs in the house for us. She was rather slow or reluctant in complying. I think she did not like us; but the boss jumped at her so viciously and spoke so sharply to her that I thought at one time he would surely have struck her, but he did not. She obeyed his commands and the fuss ended. Beating women is common here. The women expect it. They are property; they are bought with money, and have no rights except to obey and work. They cannot very well leave their husbands without good cause, and beating is not considered a just cause for separation.

The house was built of mud and cobble stones. It was quite spacious inside. The door opened to the south, and was in reality a big, open gate. Here they drive in with their wagon, and their cat-

tle and sheep also enter the same gate, and when night comes the gate is closed, and the man with his whole possession is under one roof. The whole building was covered with a heavy dirt roof, well packed and rolled so as to shed rain. The roof of this man's house, as well as the roof of all others on a line with his, which were built similarly, furnished a roadway, playground and dooryard for the neighbors above, the town being built in terraces on the side of a hill. The filth of a village of this kind is inconceivable.

(CONCLUSION NEXT NUMBER.)

### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

#### LONG LIFE AMONG GOD'S PEOPLE.

ACTING under instructions from Congress, the Department of Labor at Washington published in its September Bulletin some statistics relating to the cities of the United States which have a population of 30,000 souls or over. Of cities of this size there are 140 in the entire country. The information obtained is quite interesting, at the same time somewhat confusing; for as one paper remarks, "it casts darkness rather than light upon some of the social questions—drunkenness, for instance,—which it attempts to investigate." The results are so conflicting as to be of very little value to either the social economist, the philosopher or the philanthropist.

Salt Lake City appears in the report as the city wherein more people die of old age, considering its population, than any other city in the Union. While deaths from this cause are only two per thousand in Chicago and Pittsburg, they reach 13.60 in the capital of Utah, which is considerably higher than any other city under consideration. One writer

remarks that no theory has yet been brought forward to account for this condition.

We think the cause is not hard to find. It is in the fact that so many of its people are observing the laws of God, which are the laws of health, that their lives are becoming visibly lengthened. If all the residents of Salt Lake City were faithful members of the Church of Jesus Christ, the statistics on this point would be still more surprising. If the statistics today show this gratifying result—supposing that one half of those living in Salt Lake City are members of the Church—what would they show if all the people were Latter-day Saints who lived up to the teaching of their religion! The observance of the Word of Wisdom has much to do with bringing about this happy result, but that is but one factor. "Temperance in all things" is a portion of the law of God. The reception of the Holy Ghost undoubtedly lengthens the years of men and women, and its happy, peaceful influence causes them to both look younger and feel younger, as days and years creep upon them, than do those who have not received of this priceless gift through obedience to the commands of heaven. We are satisfied that were this not so, strangers within our gates would be surprised at the great number of aged men and women they would meet on our streets. But as it is, the aged seem so much younger, in appearance and action, than the average of humanity of equal age, that the difference is not noticed. With us, many a one who has passed the seventy years allotted unto man is still hale and vigorous, filling the daily duties of his calling with energy and promptness, and he would be surprised if it were hinted that he was growing old. The vigor and energy of

President Woodruff was a marvel to visitors, nor is President Lorenzo Snow any less well preserved. And if it were desirable, we might give quite a list of sturdy octogenarians inhabiting our towns and cities who, by the favor of God and obedience to His word, are still actively engaged in the duties of daily life, and are enjoying the autumn of their days not so much in rest as in continued activity.

To the thoughtful this should be a testimony of God's approval of this people; for long life, with health and peace, has ever been considered a mark of God's favor. To the young He promises, if they will obey their parents, this reward of lengthened life—their days are to be long in the land which the Lord their God gives them.

Many of our readers have no doubt been struck with the numerous promises of prolonged life that President Lorenzo Snow has been led to make the children of the Saints in the various settlements he has visited during the past few months, commencing in St. George, in May last. Time and again he has told the children of God's people that many of them would live to one hundred years or more. These promises will undoubtedly be fulfilled. They are in line with the prophecies of ancient seers, who saw that in this latter age, in the dispensation of the fullness of times, men should live to the age of a tree, until finally there would be no death. But this promise of long life, like all other blessings, is predicated on law. We must observe the laws of God that bring about these results or they will not be ours to enjoy. Formal acceptance of God's word will effect little. We must live it, and live it honestly and thoroughly if we reap the reward.

*The Editor.*

# Our Little Folks.

MAUD AND FANNY.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 638.)

## The Sheep and Wool.

BROTHER KING's sheep pasture was a fine one. It was watered by a stream that was carried in a ditch from a well near the house.

The stream ran gracefully down a gently sloping hill until it reached the edge of the meadow, or pasture. There a steep, low bank caused a pretty little water-fall. And at that point, Brother King fixed a flume, by which means the water was carried beyond the edge of the bank and dropped into a trough. This arrangement was made for the purpose of washing the sheep under the water-fall. With very little trouble, so it seemed to the children who were only lookers on, their father and Archie caught the sheep, one after another, and by slipping a looped rope around the feet, so the sheep could be easily held, washed them quickly and thoroughly in the clear, sparkling water. As soon as a sheep's fleece was well washed, the rope was removed from its feet and it was allowed to scamper off and feast on the fresh, green grass, and shake its woolly coat dry in the warm, bright sunshine.

That proved a very successful way of washing wool, and the little girls enjoyed watching the work very much.

Fanny made amusement by repeating some lines from McGuffey's First Reader, "for the poor sheep, to make them feel better while they were having their bath":

Lazy sheep! pray tell me why,  
In the pleasant fields you lie;

Eating grass and daisies white  
From the morning till the night?  
Everything can something do,  
But of what kind of use are you?

Nay! my little master, nay!  
Do not serve me so, I pray!  
Don't you see the wool that grows  
On my back to make you clothes?  
Cold, oh very cold you'd be,  
If I did not give it thee!

True, it seems a pleasant thing,  
Nipping daisies in the spring;  
But how many days I pass,  
On the cold and dewy grass,  
Or I get my dinner where  
All the ground is brown and bare.

When the merry spring is pass'd,  
Then the farmer comes at last,  
Cuts my woolly coat away,  
For your clothes in winter's day.  
Little master, this is why,  
In the pleasant field I lie.

A few days after the washing of the sheep, the shearing commenced. Brother King and his son attended to this work also, and the little girls took great interest in it.

Again; one by one, the sheep had to be caught, their feet fastened, and while the poor beasts were laid on a table, or platform of boards, the men used great, curious shears to cut off their wool. Then they were again set free, to run about, feed and enjoy themselves in the pasture.

After that the wool was given over to Sister King and her daughters, to be further prepared for the carding machine.

There were several girls in the family older than Maud and Fanny. And the wool was so nice and clean, it needed very little picking. So that part was soon done. Then one thing more; the wool must be greased before it would be ready to be carded into rolls, of which yarn would be spun.



GIVING THE DOLLIES A RIDE.

Sister King did not do as some of her neighbors were doing. Maud and Fanny happened to be sent into the houses of one or two neighbors where they were greasing wool. And they saw that butter was used for the grease without being melted or cleansed in any way.

But their mother prepared oil of the butter by melting and letting it boil, carefully skimming off all the scum that came to the top and then pouring the clear pure oil off and leaving the dregs. While watching this process of getting the pure oil out of butter, Fanny said to her mother,

"That is like the way we children learn to be good. The scum that rises to the top, which you dip off, is like our cross words when we are angry and quarrel. And the clean good oil is like our feelings when we are sorry and ask forgiveness. And the stuff that settles and is left in the bottom of the pan is like the bad, naughty thoughts that we don't say, but get over and leave."

"A very good idea, my little daughter, and very well told," said Sister King.

When the oil was cool enough, the little girls watched their mother dip her hand into it and sprinkle it over the wool, just as water is sprinkled on clean, dry clothes to dampen them for ironing. Then she would turn the wool over, mixing it up, pulling it apart and patting it together, so that every part of it would be softened by some of the oil.

After that was done, Brother King put the bundles of wool in the wagon, and Maud and Fanny were allowed to go with him to the carding machine, where the wool was left to be made into rolls.

The father took the little girls all through the building, and told them a great deal about the working of the ma-

chinery by which the wool was carded. And the children heard the man who worked there tell their father that his wool was the cleanest, nicest and best that had been brought there to be carded.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### AS SEEN IN A COAL MINE.

At 6 a.m., men, in grease-begrimed and blackened suits of what had been blue demins, wearing caps with a tin shield in front and a miner's lamp hung in it, could be seen wending their way to the mine. From the dialects heard one could detect that several nationalities were represented among them. Under the greasy cap could occasionally be seen a keen eye and an intelligent face, but many wore the stolid look of the over-worked and under-educated class, and the topics of conversation betokened the bent of their minds and meagre tastes. Each carried his lunch to his place of employment underground.

In company with one of the men in charge I entered the mine, after being supplied with a miner's lamp. This is like a small teapot with a big spout, in said spout is a bunch of wicking, and the pot is filled with lard oil. Instead of a handle is a bent wire by which it is hung on the miner's cap. When at work the miner has this lamp in his cap, and this is all the light he has to work by in the dismal mine.

My guide led me down by the electric hoist, where strings of cars are brought up and down. Each of these cars holds about thirty hundred pounds, but the miner who digs it only gets credit for a ton, as the other is slack. Below where the electric hoist works, the cars are handled with horses, each horse taking two empty cars in and bringing out two



loaded ones. These horses are heavily built, docile brutes, who understand their duties almost as well as their drivers, who whistle loudly at them as they urge them along. Five of these drivers passed us at a point in the mine, and as we followed we heard some of the rough talk of a hasty-tempered, impatient driver. His oaths excited the poor horse until it forgot its task, and that brought out fresh oaths, then more bad conduct on the part of the horse. I never more clearly observed the folly of profanity, and could not help but compare the words and acts of this driver with a pleasant, obliging driver we overtook further on, whose horse, though restive, was calmed by his gentlemanly demeanor. We afterwards met the two outfits going out with loads of coal. The profane driver's horse was wet with perspiration, and trembling, while the other looked as fresh as its driver was cheerful. The one man was all smiles as though sweet thoughts were in his mind; the other all frowns.

The men usually work in twos, and often we found father and son or brothers working together. They work in what are termed rooms; and the air-ways and main passages are a labyrinth and mystery to those unacquainted. With grimy faces, amid powder smoke, coal dust and bad air, the men work eight hours; then, tired and dirty, they wend their way home.

Under the present laws and excellent sanitary regulations there is greater security and comfort in the life of a coal miner than formerly. *Uncle Richard.*

#### PLEASANT AND IMPORTANT MEETINGS.

A FEW weeks ago, I had the privilege of visiting some of the Sunday Schools and Primary Associations in the Snake River country. We had a Primary con-

ference at Rexburg, in the Fremont Stake, and I enjoyed meeting with the children more than I could possibly express. They were so bright, so ready to respond to the calls made upon them by their Stake president, Sister Winters, and their selections were all so appropriate and excellent.

A Primary conference at Nephi, Juab Stake, which I attended some time ago, I think I shall never forget. The presence of angels was so real, the Spirit of the Lord so abundant, that it seemed as if we had left the world and all worldly things outside and were in heaven. The Stake Primary president there, Sister Jane Booth, because of the great press of other cares and duties, had almost concluded that she would have to resign her position in the Primary organization. But at that conference all such feelings left her, and such a renewal of strength and faith came to her that I do not believe she will ever have to give up her work among the children while she lives. A brother who had his leg crushed in the canyon, and for that reason was unable to be at the conference, was prayed for by the children and their officers in concert. And when his daughter and I called on him after the meeting, we found him walking about without his crutches, which he had not done before for weeks. And from that time he continued to get better, and was entirely healed.

At Heber City we also had a delightful Primary conference. Sister Jane Giles presides over the Primaries in that the Wasatch Stake. Like Sister Booth she had felt as though her resignation would be best for herself and the Primary children. But the blessings she received at the conference gave her renewed courage and strength to press on in the good work of the Primaries.

The other day I attended a Primary conference of Davis Stake, held in West Layton, and thought I had never been more delighted with the children than I was there. Everything was charming. The Bishop of the ward, Brother Layton, was much interested and very kind, and both officers and children were well prepared with their exercises. Stake President John W. Hess had left his work and business to visit the children's conference, and said he felt that more good would result from his doing so than he could accomplish in any other way.

During the late general conference, two meetings were held by the Primary officers, at which their president, Sister Louie B. Felt, presided. The reports of the Primary work in the different Stakes of Zion were very encouraging and satisfactory, and the Holy Spirit was poured out upon the sisters in such a manner as to be truly convincing that the Lord was well pleased with their pure desires and unselfish labors to benefit His little ones.

The Sunday School Jubilee meeting held in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on the evening of Sunday, Oct. 8, 1899, was one of especial interest to all the Saints, both old and young. It was the closing meeting of one of the most important conferences ever held by the Church, and was given to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the first Sunday School established in Utah. At that meeting, the First Presidency of the Church each spoke, and several of the members of the Twelve Apostles took part in a most complete and satisfactory program, descriptive of the rise and progress of the Sunday School work in Zion from 1849 to 1899. The results shown were indeed wonderful.

Well may the children be grateful for the blessings of the Lord to them, in

providing such organizations as the Sunday School, Primary and Kindergarten for their benefit. Although the beginning of the last-named organization is of comparatively recent date among the Latter-day Saints, its influence for good is widely felt and acknowledged, and its foundation is already firmly established.

*L. L. Greene Richards.*

#### FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

BASIN, IDAHO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I will tell you of my pets. I have eight pet lambs. When they were little they would run and play all the time nearly, and drink milk. But they are growing larger now. I have four sisters and three brothers.

*Larettie Weller, age 10 years.*

RANDOLPH, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I take much pleasure in reading the little letters, and also in Sunday School and Primary. Our Primary president is Sister Elizabeth Nebeker, and we think a great deal of her.

Your little friend,

*Minnie Spencer, age 12.*

PRICE, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I read the little letters and like them very much. My uncle George C. Mead has taken the INSTRUCTOR nearly ever since it was first published. My father died June 22, 1896. I am living with my grandmother and Uncle George, and I have not seen my mother since between Christmas and New Years following the date of my father's death. I have been wanting to write for a long time but I did not have courage enough.

From your new friend,

*Geo. William Perkins, age 11 years.*

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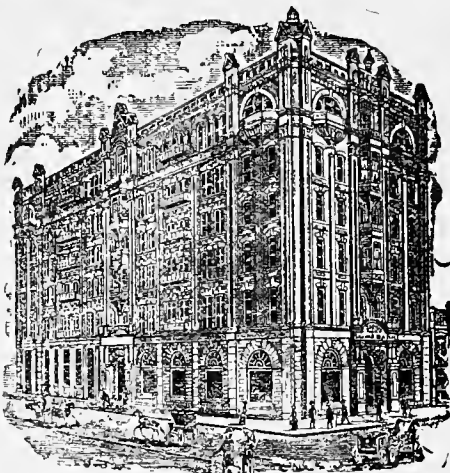
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|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
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| No. 2. The "Overland Limited" for Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver.    | 11:45 a.m. |
| No. 4. The "Atlantic Express" for Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver.              | 6:40 p.m.  |

### ARRIVE SALT LAKE CITY:

|                                                                                                |           |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| No. 5. The "Fast Mail" from Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver and Park City.      | 3:00 p.m. |
| No. 1. The "Overland Limited" from Chicago St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver.           | 3:00 p.m. |
| No. 3. The "Pacific Express" from Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. | 3:30 a.m. |

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### LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

|                                                                                     |             |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East                                 | 2:15 p. m.  |
| No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East                                 | 8:05 p. m.  |
| No. 6—For Bingham, Lehi, Provo, Heber, Mantle, Belknap, and all intermediate points | 8:35 a. m.  |
| No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points                      | 5:00 p. m.  |
| No. 8—For Ogden and the West                                                        | 9:05 p. m.  |
| No. 1—For Ogden and the West                                                        | 9:45 a. m.  |
| No. 42—For Park City                                                                | 8:30 a. m.  |
| No. 9—For Ogden, intermediate and West.                                             | 12:01 p. m. |

### ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

|                                                                                   |             |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East                                     | 9:30 a. m.  |
| No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East                                     | 8:55 p. m.  |
| No. 6—From Provo, Heber, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Mantle and intermediate points | 5:55 p. m.  |
| No. 2—From Ogden and the West                                                     | 2:05 p. m.  |
| No. 4—From Ogden and the West                                                     | 7:55 p. m.  |
| No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points                   | 10:00 a. m. |
| No. 41—From Park City                                                             | 5:45 p. m.  |
| No. 6—From Ogden and intermediate points                                          | 8:25 a. m.  |

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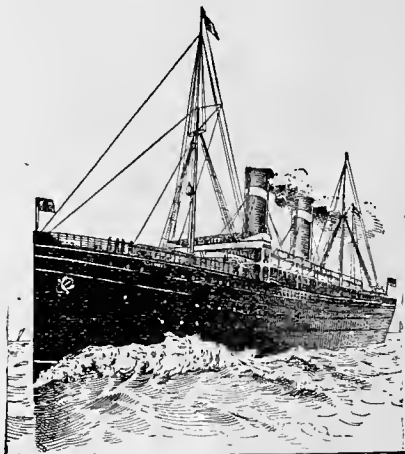
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